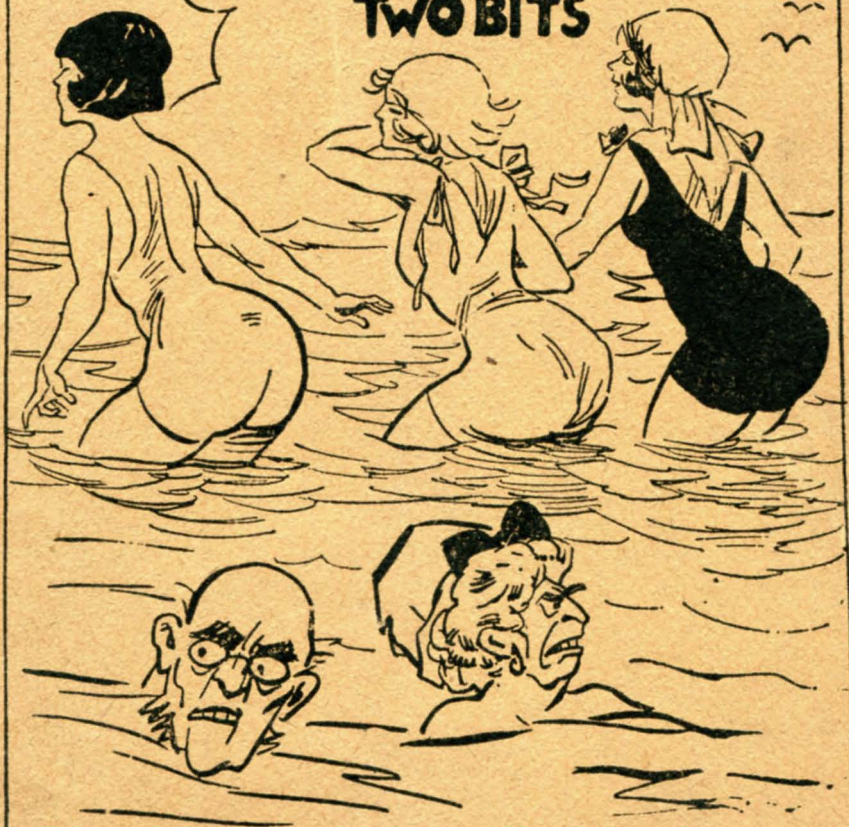


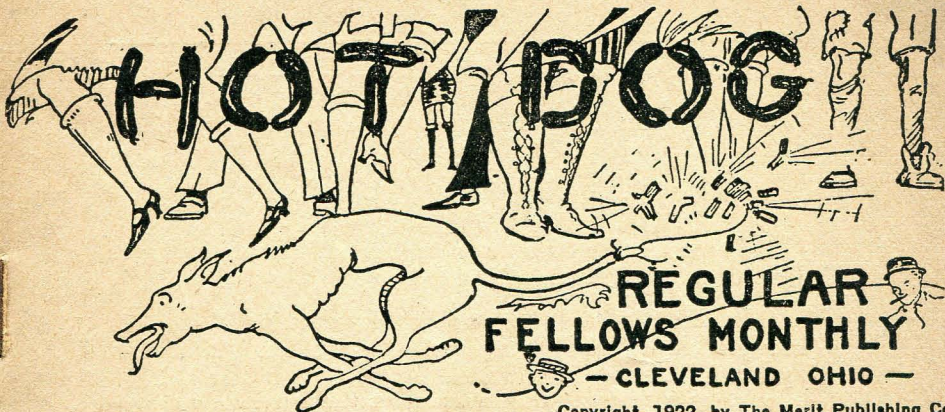
HOT DOG

THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY
AUGUST 1922

PRICE
TWO BITS



**I'M AS HAPPY
AS A SKUNK!**



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JACK DINSMORE, Editor

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Vol. 1

AUGUST

No. 11



ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE PEOPLE

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



CALLIMACHUS BALZOFF, the HOT DOG GENIUS

Author of The Garbage Man's Daughter (November Hot Dog)

The Iceman's Revenge (January Hot Dog)

We Are Lost (July Hot Dog)

Etc. Etc. Etc.

Campaign Promises

Candidate Balzoff is for the People and against the Public.

He will make every resident of America Good whether he wants to be Good or not.

He is against Dancing, Drinking, Kissing, Joyriding.

He will pass a law requiring that all automobiles be equipped with single seats only.

He will make all Shimmy dancers wear suspenders.

He will hang any messenger boy found smoking a Camel. All telegrams shall be delivered by graybeard deacons—as most of them are now.

He will close all the cabarets and make stained glass windows out of the broken bottles found therein.

VOTE FOR BALZOFF

AND MISERY

N. B. Campaign contributions solicited. Nothing under a dime.

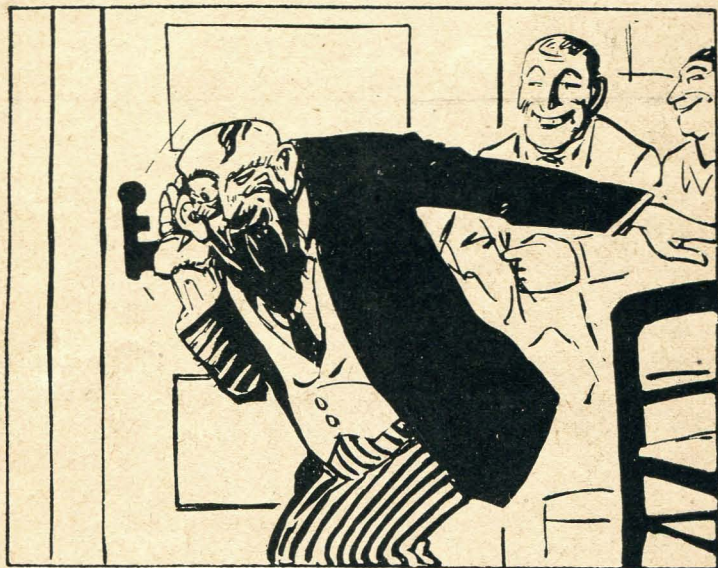
B L A H

A Krazypome by Little Ignatz, The Hot Dog
Shipping Clerk

The night was dark and stormy
And the sun was shining bright;
The Hero's lips were tightly sealed
And he cried with all his might:
"Kill me, you Fiend, but save my life!"
The Villain shot him dead,
A fair young girl tripped down the path,
Gray hairs about her head.
She recognized the dying man
And cried, "Oh, who is he?"
The headless corpse raised up its head
And said, "It's only me!"

OVERHEARD IN THE LADIES DRESSING ROOM

(We sent Balzoff to listen in at a keyhole in a Cabaret)



"She's a Spanish dancer from Zion City, Illinois."

"Listen Kid! If I want crumbs I can find them on the table."

"I'm tickled to death to get rid of him. He's just like having an operation."

"Broadway's a great place but give me Altoona, Pa. on a Saturday night."

To set a drink before a cross-eyed girl is the same as hiding it from her.

"If she'da known who I was she'da brained me with a bottle."

.....

"Gawd, but she's brazen."

.....

"Don't tell me anything about Fashion Shows, dearie—I've been working 'em since 1902."

.....

"She'd fall for a Bus boy when she's drunk."

.....

"Ever see a wise crackin' dame like her that wasn't yellow?"

.....

"He's gotten awful Ritzy of late—I can remember the time when he used to be a pearl diver in a dairy lunch."

.....

"Sears & Roebuck lost a good bundle wrapper when you broke into the Movies."

.....

"She's about the cattiest dame I ever saw in my life."

. The lad knelt down beside her.

His shoes were Number Nine.

"Marry me," he said to her

And your father's jack is mine."

JACK DINSMORE'S GIRLS



II... Winnie and Her Innocent Seductions.

Winnie represents to me what the monastery did to Saint Benedict—a retreat from the hard contacts of the world.

Here I am, a publisher of a magazine, spending my days in trying to outsmart the wiles of that hound, the Printer; the machinations of that polecat, the Reformer; the horrors of that monthly fiend, the Balance Sheet of The Merit Publishing Company.

Winnie's arms are a cool retreat from the hard-boiled concentrations of my daily life.

COMPULSORY VIRTUE IS AS VALUELESS
AS COMPULSORY LOVE.

Winnie has innocent brown eyes (made innocent by practicing before a mirror) a coy and unsophisticated voice, and a countrymaiden sweetness that disarms all attempts at resistance and always inspires me with the passion to Give Her Things.

Winnie was born and bred in New York.

In New York the cruel struggle of the girls for the boys is a downright case of Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest."

Men are scarce in New York. Therefore the hunt for them by the girlies becomes a raging wolf-chase.

In Gotham the dears learn to be what the men want them to be—restful, refreshing and rejuvenating.

So Winnie gently and subtly steers my mind from the maddening problem of collecting from the News-dealers, into the shady byways of Lingerie and Lipstick and Giggles.

And I find myself very much interested in lingerie and lipstick and giggles.

(Next month, Cornelia, the Well-Ripened Manicurist.)

Chickens who run around too much get tough.

THE HORNY MAYOR OF TRAVERSE CITY



I see by the papers where Mayor Swanton of Traverse City Michigan has ordered his chief of police to hereafter arrest any female who wears knickerbockers in his bailiwick.

"The morals of the present generation are being assailed," said Mayor Swanton, "and I propose to see that they are no longer tempted by immoral dress."

I sit me down to think.

Cornelius: Mamma, I heard you call Papa an ass. Will he eat hay?

Mrs. Kraut: Yes, If your pour whiskey on it.

Why do preachers run to the law to prohibit leg-shows? Why do preachified mayors run to the police to prohibit knickerbockers

Is it really because these pious gazooks are so heart-broken over the effect upon the young?

Nay, Petronius, nay.

The Rev. Gent. who wants to chase Billy Watson's Beef Trust from the stage is spurred to his activity not by Civic Virtue but Physical Tremors induced by the sight of the lower extremities of the Beefy Babies. Where you and I listen to the songs the chorus sings, the Rev. Gent. is stirred uneasily in his seat by the Pink Calves.

Mayor Swanton prohibits ladies' knickerbockers not because the knickers shock him, but because they thrill him.

—In a way, the Mayor is to be envied.

I SHOULD SAY SO

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

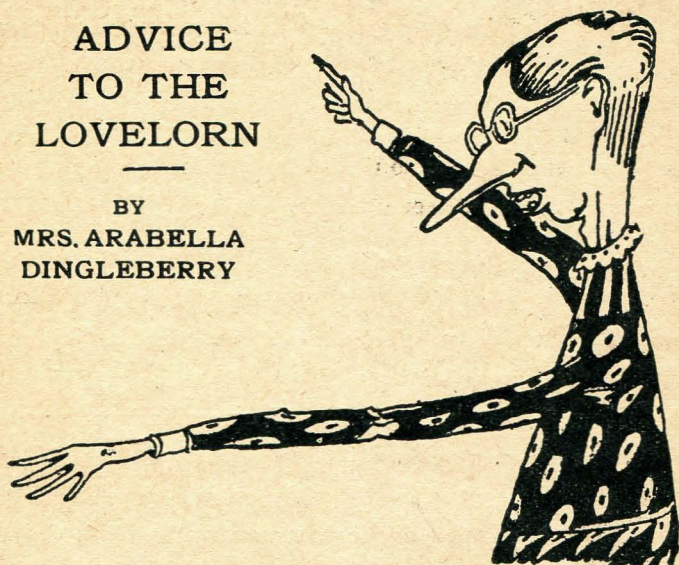
Why yes, my darling daughter;

But if you hang your clothes on a limb

You'd better stay deep in the water."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY
MRS. ARABELLA
DINGLEBERRY



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Is Mr. Dinsmore as virtuous as he claims to be in his editorials?

—Urgent Usula.

How dare you insult our editor, you crum! Of course he is.

P. S. Dinsmore has just gone out of the office.—He is a man of affairs—with blondes.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I love lobsters, but am afraid they will make me fat. What is your advice?

—Helen Hasch.

Sure they'll make you fat—if they take you to swell restaurants often enough.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Having seen your picture in Hot Dog, I should like to have your address.

—Johnny Jumpup.

What do you do for a living?

Mabel Mistayk: You enjoyed it, didn't you?

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Last week Grandfather became weak in several joints. What would you advise me to do with him?

—Devoted Dottie.

Lock him in his room.

Old Oscar: You villain, this isn't Utah!

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Where can a pretty girl of twenty find a soulmate?

Where have you been since you were sixteen?

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Why don't husbands kiss their wives oftener?

—Neglected Nerissa.

When a mouse is in a trap it doesn't care for the cheese.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: How can I keep my husband in Saturday night?

—Woozie Wifie

Shoot him Saturday afternoon.

Moxie Mugwump:..Read the Seventh Commandment, you Fathead!

A DEFENCE OF THE FLAPPER

By Jack Dinsmore

Flapper—that elusive yet tantalizing word.

Nobody seems to know exactly to what the word



applies. Yet, Oh fellers, what a picture it does project before our minds:

Short skirts, and fadeaway curves and winks with a thousand meanings, and tiptilted cigarettes, and a thorough knowledge of the world at the age of eighteen.

Early to bed and early to rise
And you'll never meet the regular guys.



(Keystone Photo)

HELEN WAINRIGHT

Woman swimming champ. A graceful creature indeed

Myself, Fellers, I am a practical Flapperologist. After a long, patient and entirely scientific investigation of the subject (said investigation being made in all cases upon the living figure as prescribed by laboratory practice) the nearest definition that I can give you of that aggravating term, Flapper, is The Modern Girl.

Which is begging the question of course. But why the hell do I have to define it for you anyway? You all know her when you see her.

And I didn't start to write this editorial in the first place to define the Flapper. Nor to praise her. Nor to bury her. I want to defend her. Because I love her.

Here's what I say:

The Flapper is the flower of Feminine Evolution. She is the living result of woman's experiment with herself up to the year 1922. She is the Apex, the Triumph, the Reward of the painful progress of the centuries of experiment that Mother Eve has made upon herself to make herself what God intended her to be, the Flower in the Buttonhole of Life.

I pound my horny fist upon the table and say that the flapper of 1922 is as superior to the guileless maiden of 1822 as the aeroplane of 1922 is superior to the stage-coach of 1822.

Councilman Kraut: Cornelius, my son, if you had a million dollars, what would you be?

Cornelius: A Mormon.



MARIE HALL

A new Shubert beauty. She played in "Honeydew."

COURT DIGNITY IN OHIO

For six months I have been trying to remember to tell you some of the interesting incidents of Callimachus Balzoff's last breach of promise suit.

Here's one of the juiciest ones.

On the second day of the last trial (No. 8 Series 1921-1922) everything was all set for the trial.

Balzoff sat on the left with his genius whiskers tangled up among the law books.

The Wronged One sat on the right with a Low Neck gown and Open Work stockings, vamping the Judge.

The Prosecuting Attorney entered.

"Your Honor," said he, "your bull pup has went and chewed up the Court bible."

"Well!" thundered Hizzoner, "make Balzoff kiss the pup. We can't adjourn the court to get a new bible!"

WOMAN, THE ETERNAL HAUNTER

Ancient her beauty
As the heart of man,
Yet ever waxing fairer,
Forever remaining young.
Mortals wither in time
As leaves in the frost of autumn;
But time only brightens the glow
And the bloom of her endless youth.
All men have loved her
But none shall touch with his lips
Even the hem of her garment.

—Lafcadio Hearn



ETHELIND TERRY

A honeybaby playing in "Honeydew."

THE MEEKNESS OF LITTLE CORNELIUS KRAUT

Yes, Little Cornelius is a bad, bad boy.

Even his boozy pappy, the Councilman, sometimes gets hep to that fact.

When he puts manure in his mother's apple butter, why that's simply playfulness, says August.

When he skinned his mother's thousand-dollar Angora cat, the old man called that playfulness too.

But every once in a while the proud Papa catches one of little Cornelius's pranks himself on the rebound. Then there's Heck to pay.

Last week when Cornelius stole Father's season pass to the ballgame, thereby making the Councilman miss a double-header—well that wasn't so good.

Papa arrived home at supper time.

"Cornelius," said he, "go out in the yard and bring me a good heavy switch."

Cornelius staid away a half hour and came back with a virtuous smirk on his mush.

"I couldn't find a switch, Pappy," he crooned, "but here's a stone you can throw at me."

Every man has a right to go to Hell if he wants to.



(Wide World Photo)

VIOLET McCABE
A mermaid from the Bronx

A HE-MAN PARSON

We're Proud to Have Him in Cleveland

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer,
March 25, 1922.

"I believe in birth control," declared Rev. Dilworth Lupton of the First Unitarian church in his discussion of "The Sex Problem from a Religious Point of View" at the Temple forum, Central avenue S. E. and E. 55th street, last night.

"Ignorance of the sex question and shunning discussion of it has made it the greatest social evil we have. Thousands of girls are swept into waywardness every year; why hide these facts.?"

"Our children grow up with their curiosity about the origin of life unsatisfied by parents; they learn the facts on the street in a distorted form. Schools and parents should educate the children in sex matters.

"The double standard is wrong. We ostracize the woman, but welcome to our social midst the man. Men ask their wives to live up to a standard that they themselves violate.

"Love of man for woman is born of sex and children come from sex. The two purest things in the world, and yet we treat sex as something shameful. Sex only becomes shameful when it is misused, made an end in life rather than a means."

A STUDY IN BLACK and WHITE



Marie Prevost, Mack Sennet star, in the midst of No Man's Land.

RAMBLING AROUND THE MOVIE LOTS

(By Ray Atteberry)

1. The Lasky Studio

Dear Gang of Shifters, Snugglepups, Cuddle-cooties, Standers, Cake-eaters, Slats, Flat-wheelers, Crape-hangers, Weeping-Willows, Finale-hoppers, Smoochers, Neckers, Airedales, Bean-pickers, Grubbers, Embalmers,



Umbrellas, Cellar-smellers, Smith Brothers, Mustard Plasters, Gimlets and Hot Dog Regular Fellows, Editor Jack asked me if I would lay off the ol' Follywood BULL-etin long enough to go from the Ridiculous to the Sublime.

If your husband is cold, leave him cold.



KATHERINE McDONALD

Is as beautiful as a Greek marble—but we hope
not as hard

In Hot Dog Language, I am to lay off the Spanish Athletics and Ramble around the movie studios in California and get some reel Low Down on the Movie Stars while they are doing their stuff.

I think Editor Jack's idea will be a great novelty. All you have read lately about the Movies is what some Cake-eater has dished out with the aid of a needle instead of a pen.

You know the ol' Hokum, goes like this, "Extra, ExTRA, EXTRA, Virgin Found in Hollywood!" or "Twenty Thousand Snow Birds Found Nesting in Hollywood," or "Big Hollywood Scandal, Pretty Girl Refuses To Be Pushed Up Ladder To Stardom, Slaps Director's Face."

Well, gang, that's a fine bunch of lalapaloosa to dish out to those scandal loving Deacons an' Women's Uplift Clubs. But you Regular Fellows know that old line of Bunk, and are too busy putting on your own Petting Parties to get a kick out of some Hop-head's wild and lousy dream. Which dream really is his idea of what he would like to make the Movies if he was one of the profession.

**HER REPUTATION IS AS SPOTLESS AS A
TABLECLOTH IN A HUNGARIAN
RESTAURANT**



(Keystone Photo)

MISS HEATHER THATCHER

The Anglo-American star of Good Morning Dearie. Her mother says she's as green as she sounds

Well, gang, instead of using the needle I will use my trusty dogs and will Ramble around and visit the principle Movie Lots and give you some real government-bonded movie news.

Figuring that the best was none too good for you faithful followers of America's foremost Journal of Uplift, I Rambled out to the Lasky Lot, the home of Paramount plays and also the home of two-thirds of the knock-out beauty Panics in Pictures, including, Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayers, Lois Wilson, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lila Lee, May Mc Avoy, Gloria Swanson, Leatrice Joy, Dorothy Dalton, Rudolph Valentino, Eugene O'Brien, along with many of the best known male stars also.

Lasky always has a bunch of regular guys in the publicity office, including Bob Allen, who is an old school mate of mine. We went to the same Reform school together. When our time was up Bob was grabbed by Lasky an' I was claimed by Hot Dog, and now we're happily going to Hell, each in our own way.

When I told the gang that I was from the Hot Dog and wanted their assistance in dishing out a real dish of Movie News, they said that I could have anything

**WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD I'LL BUY A TON
OF COAL.**



VIRGINIA WILSON (Wide World Photo)

She lives in Brooklyn, the City of Churches. But that don't stop her from taking life gaily.

I wanted except Rudolph Valentino's Pet Pajamas. The Judge hadn't returned them as yet.

So, Gang, with Bob as my Indian Guide, we started through the wilds of Hollywood.

Well, Gang, the first set we Ramble into is a swell Lobby of a hotel, I was just about to try and sneak up the stairs past the house detective, when Bob grabs my coat tail, and whispers that we are now in the land of Make Believe. The set was from Alfred Green's new picture, "The Ghost Breaker," starring Wally Reid, supported by Lila Lee. Can you beat Wally's luck? Oh! Boy! If I could find some swell Dish like little Lila to support me!

Bob then gives me the Low Down that Green had just brought the company back from Frisco. And as soon as they had arrived they had made a scene in the police station. You wouldn't think, to look at them, that Wally or Lila would make a scene in a police station. But Bob said that the company had taken some good shots on the boat on the way down from Frisco. An' after those shots on the boat, they made the scene in the jail. I don't know what it's all about but Bob said that it was all O. K. and wasn't what I thought it was.

From there we amble on to a hot set from, "Burning Sands", George Melford's new production, which is the answer to the "Sheik." Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills are featured. And Gang, when I lamp Wanda in her

There is one consolation for the reformer: You can't form a habit for wood alcohol.

Slight Gown, she was not only the answer to, "The Sheik" but also the answer to all of my wild and fanciful dreams, that usually follow the drinking of a quart of Home Brew.

I didn't lamp any Burning Sand but I did see some Hot Dog wonderwomen. One of the extra good-looking extra-janes was big-hearted enough to talk to me, and she said that the company had just hauled freight in from the desert, an' this Bimbo slips me the Low Down that the sand was really hot. And from this Mollie's looks she had ought to know her stuff.

By this time, Bob saw that I was near the boiling point, so he grabs me and hauls me under the cold showers and cools me off. Which was the only safe thing to do under the circumstances. Lasky has had enough tough luck with scandals an' it wouldn't be the right thing to cause him any more trouble, after I had been set up to such a treat as I had just witnessed.

Lasky has thirteen companys working now an' I am very thankful that no more happened to be working on the Lot the day I went through or Editor Jack's idea would have never been seen in print.

Well, Bunch, I will have the Low Down on another famous Movie Lot for you again in next issue, so don't fail me.

He: Your'e the kind of girl mother told me about.

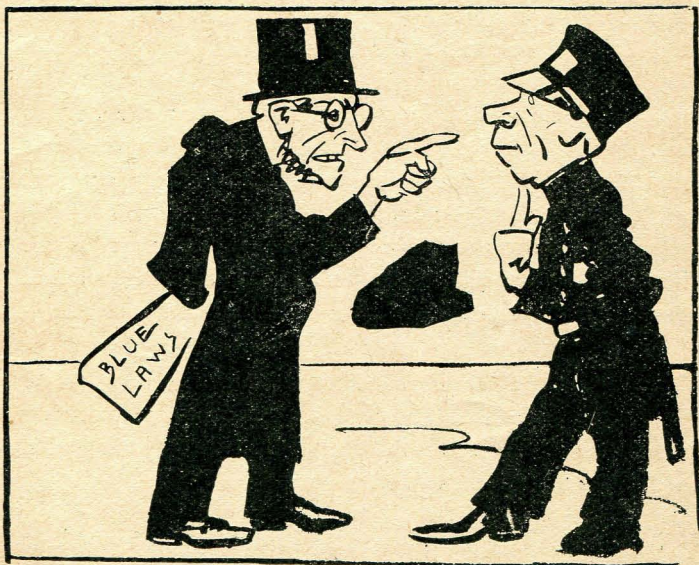
She: You're the kind of a man mother spoke to me about.

THE PREACHER AND THE POLICE

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

Have you noticed that the lobbies of our legislatures and courts are peppered with preachers thicker than a Tennessee hound dog is with cooties?

The meek Pulpit-pounders, (that is the ornery ones who spend their time in the police court prosecuting lodge members with hangovers) need the assistance of the law so often.



To me this is an absolute demonstration that the Blue Boys are perfectly jerry to the fact that their own

Marriage is like a Cafeteria. You make your selections first and settle afterward.

persuasiveness is about as powerful as a tin lizzie running on one cylinder.

"Police," yells Dr. Bluebeak when he finds that he can't pull people into his church by making his sermons attractive. He howls himself purple that the Legislature should pass a law closing up every other place where the roving householder might go on Sunday so that the householder shall be FORCED into church.

He wants to close the movie shows, not because movie shows are wicked, but to compel the customers to hear his own dreary sermons.

Dr. Bluebeak can't hold his own in fair competition with Cockeyed Ben Turpin.

What has become of the magnificent clerical orators of old? Of John Wesley who thronged the green meadows with Enthusiasts to hear his godly tirades? Of Phillips Brooks who, fifty years ago could crowd his church with half of Boston—from the Bluebloods of Commonwealth Avenue to the pugnosed bartenders of Sullivan Square—to come to listen to his eloquence.?

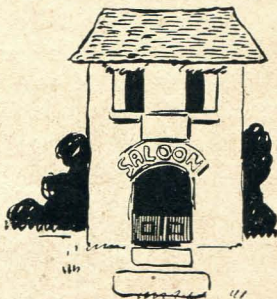
It's a very plain hokum indeed, my dears.

The Bluebeak preacher can't persuade men to be virtuous by making Virtue persuasive. So he tries to make men virtuous by force of police.

I wish I was a little fish
Frozen in the ice
And when the girls come out to skate
Oh wouldn't that be nice?

VOLSTEAD MOTHER GOOSE

Here stands the SALOON
Quiet and still.
It wasn't made useless
By its own will.



Here stands the BARTENDER
Lonesome and broke.
Prohibition made him
A rednosed Joke.

Here stands the DRUNKARD
With money to burn.
For Free Lunch and Cuspidors
How he doth yearn.



Here stands the UNDERTAKER
Solemn and pale
Since Prohibition
He's rolling in kale.

CORNELIUS LOVES NATURAL HISTORY

One day last week, Katrina Kraut, wife of the famous Councilman, sent her seven-year old Cornelius to the fish market.

Cornelius is on very good terms with the fish market man, an olfactory Italian yclept Angelo Gazooca.

Angelo don't need a garbage can anymore than Bill Bryan needs a cure for bashfulness. Little Cornelius takes all the dead fish away from the stand and playfully throws them into the neighbor's windows.

As I believe I have told you in previous issues, little Cornelius is a scholarly mutt. He just loves Science, he does. So he asked Mr. Gazooca a scientific question.

"Angelo," he inquired, "why are there so many fish in the world. You eat 'em and eat 'em and there's always more. How do they multiply so fast?"

"Well Sonny, you know at a certain period of the year, the female fish swims all around till she finds a stagnant pool. Making a little hollow in the pool, she deposits her eggs. Later the male fish swims over the same pool and deposits on the eggs the life-giving fluids. Evtually the eggs hatch and we have little fishes.

"Holy Jeezes!" inquired the knowledgeable Cornelius, "ain't there no love-making at all in a Fish's life?"

"No, absolutely none."

"Well," bust out Cornelius, "now I know what people mean when they say You Poor Fish!"

IT WAS A SIGHT!

By C. S. Montanye

(Hot Dog Monthly Short Story)

No one ever denied that little Flo Jarvis of the chorus at the Springtime Gardens wasn't a Queen for class and a Shark for looks. Even Miss Verona Hurlingham, her dressing-room mate, pal and confidante, handed the Beauty Cup to Flo without a breath of envy or malice.

"And when," Eddie Garvey, the affable stage manager at the Gardens frequently remarked, "one Doll admits another of her sex is a Cuckoo of a Looker and a flash, take it from me, there's something to it, if anyone should call you up by radio and ask you!"

Little Flo was as blonde as an omelet. Her figure was an exquisite 36 and she had a pair of legs so shapely that the occupants of the first rows at the Gardens dropped in at their oculists immediately upon observing them. And not alone these visible wiles but Flo's voice sounded like the interior of a bird store. She featured a smile as dazzling as diamonds and had a way with her so vivacious that the Johns stood three deep at the stage door waiting to lamp her when she came out.

Around the Broadway amusement temples, it was common gossip that Flo liked them all but toppled for none. This, however, was not strictly authentic. Some six months previous the young lady had leased her heart out to an Artie Jackson. Jackson was a young haberdashery clerk who warranted an insult of eighteen bills a week in a Times Square neckwear and silk shirt emporium. What there was about Jackson no one except Flo had ever been able to discover—Miss Hurlingham least of all. Flo's pal was willing to admit that Artie had the usual number of arms and legs but outside of that differed not at all from any of Gotham's male populace except that he had managed to jimmy a way into her roommate's affections.

But Flo pulled strong for her Artie. Those who were inclined to ask if she had ever fallen out of a chair when a child learned to keep their questions and opinions to themselves.

The little chorine packed a dangerous wallop—as was well known backstage.



"If you'd put the skids under this Cravat Hound," Verona said to Flo when they were in their dressing room at the Gardens one June evening, "you could attach yourself to some wise money and inhale a little of this Joy o' Life stuff. Honest, I can't for the life of me figure the chances you pass. Sweetie, it don't add up right!"

Flo, an entrancing picture in her pinkies, began to put on her second act costume—a creation composed of almost a yard of lace.

"Forget it," she said briefly.

"I won't forget it!" Verona retorted warmly. "We've shared each other's secrets and room and we've fought and dressed together. We're pals and I hate to see you play the idiot child and flag the Simp Express when you could hop aboard the Kale Unlimited and have your own apartment, coon maid and a red Pekingese to shed its hair all over your

expensive upholstered furniture. Listen, Babe, after the show tonight I got an invite for a deep sea cruise around the Alley hooperies. Mr. Milton B. Trossel is the blue-eyed pilot. It's his bus that we're going to sail in. Be a good kid and let me slip you into the merry gathering. Milton can't see me for more than a friend but he's crazy about blondes and I want you to meet him. Will you do me a favor and be a Regular for once in your life?"

Verona expected her pal to shake her head disdainfully. To her surprise Flo hooked her dancing corset and pursed her ruby-red lips. "I would like to go out for a time," she said thoughtfully. "Artie has to work late tonight and I feel like something better than a midnight walk in the Park. I'll sit in tonight but don't make it a regular habit."

Verona kissed her impulsively.

"Maybe," the other hinted darkly, "Artie Jackson will be Paradise Lost after you meet Milton. Sweetie, you seem to be getting back your sense at last!"

The midnight party of Trossel's one of the Broadway butterfly boys, was everything Flo expected and liked the best. The crowd invaded the fire-water pavilions that still did business along the Lane and exercised their ankles until the small hours of the morning. The party split up at Wisenfeather's, Trossel winning Flo's consent to be allowed to roll her up to the prune mansion where she and Verona shared a telephone booth that was often referred to as a "hall bedroom."

Association with the irresponsible spendthrift had made Flo familiar with the fact that Milton could have been a great deal better and considerably worse. Apart from bearing a striking resemblance to a trained seal and displaying a deep interest in her hosiery, the young man wasn't as bad as she had expected. His dinner jacket looked as if it had been put on with glue and his slightly protruding eyes were filled with the fire of youth. It was true that his ears looked like a pair of mismated oysters but his big car was as comfortable as a hammock and Flo felt a little thing like a couple of listeners shouldn't be held against him.

"I don't mind admittiting," Milton breathed, when they were in the vestibule of the boarding house, "that in the language of pianos, you're grand, Miss Jarvis. Meet me tomorrow in the lobby of the Ritz so I can say it with jewelry and I'll present you with a little token of my esteem. Right?"

"It all depends on my alarm clock," Flo answered, sur-rendering a kiss.

A week later the inmates and employees of the Springtime Gardens had it that Flo had speared a live one at last. She and Trossel motored, danced, dined and wine'd daily and nightly.

"I knew you'd like him," Verona Hurlingham said, a few days after the first party.

"He could be worse," Flo replied shortly.

Saturday arrived and the two girls were giving a good home to a couple of hot roast beef sandwiches in a Longacre armchair lunch, when Flo looked across at her pal.

"Tonight," she said abruptly, "I'm taking the leading part in a little drama of my own. Milton and I are going to split a few bottles of grape he just got from Canada—up in his apartment. He says he wants to tell me something."

"Is Artie still working nights?" Verona murmured.

The blonde girl shrugged, without comment.

"And I had you tabbed as a dumb skull," Miss Hurlingham added retrospectively.

Sunday morning brought the sunshine of June into the top floor hall bedroom of the boarding house the girls shared but failed to reveal the small Miss Jarvis. Verona awakening between ten and eleven, became sleepily introspective once she found the room deserted save for the usual furniture and dust.

"Limousines and hock-rocks," she thought dreamily, "Sable coats and charge accounts. It's the only life after all!"

There was no word or communication from her missing chum and no sign of Flo until ten minutes of seven on Monday night. Then Verona, entering the dressing room they shared at the Gardens, found her friend disrobing.

"So there you are!" she said.

"So it seems," Flo answered. "Sit down and give your heels a rest. I've got something I want to tell you."

"You don't want to tell it half as much as I want to hear it!" Miss Hurlingham averred hastily. "Where have you been since Saturday night? What kind of a car is he going to give you? Does the dog bite? Spill it, kid, spill it!"

Flo put on silver stockings.

"Well," she began, hiding her knees, "I wish you could see Milton's apartment. Some place! The minute I got there I thought I had made a mistake and wandered into the Museum of Art, Rugs and furniture—"

"Snap out of it!" her friend pleaded. "I can see those in any department store window. What happened?"

"There was nobody home," Flo resumed, "except Milton. We kidded around and chewed the fat and then he broke out the bubbles. After that he passed me the old proposition on a silver plate. He told me to think it over and blew for the icebox to get another bottle of sparkle—"

She paused to tuck a tendril of her canary hair in place. Verona swallowed.

"I did start to think," Flo went on calmly, "But just as I did so I suddenly remembered something that came to me like a flash of lightning. You know how much pride I have and—well, my hat was in the hall and Milton was still in the kitchen. I had Morvich looking like a Lame Parrot for speed. In ten minutes I was away from there and down on Times Square. Artie was just closing up the store when I arrived. We—ah—the both of us were married this morning in Hoboken!"

When Verona Hurlingham was able to speak again, her voice was weak and husky.

"But what made you duck away from Milton's flat? What did you remember that made you quit cold?"

The blonde girl pivoted on the heels of her silver slippers and smiled.

"While I was sitting there waiting for him to come back with the Juice", she drawled, "it came to me all of a sudden that the brassiere I had on was that old, mended one you were making fun of last week!"

“Put Out the
Lights First,
George”

**There will always
be something to re-
form as long as we
pay professional
reformers salaries.**
